Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.
Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of hartsicke grones,
Myst-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knock;

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will
What simplenesis this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whece come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O?
Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the en
Ro. Spakest thou of *Iuliet*? how
Doth not she thinke me an old mu
Now I haue staind the childhood
With bloud remoued, but little fro
Where is she? and how doth she? an
My concealed Lady to our cancel
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but
And now falls on her bed, and th
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Rom*
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name shot from t
Did murther her, as that names cu
Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me tha
The hatefull mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries o
Thy teares are womanish, thy wil
The vnreasonable furie of a beast
Vnseemely woman in a seeming
And ilbeseeming beast in seeming
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my hol
I thought thy disposition better t
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou
And slay thy Lady, that in thy lif
By doing damned hate vpon thy
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? th
Since birth, and heauen, and eart
In thee at once, which thou at on
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape,
Which like a Vsurer aboundst in
And vsest none in that true vse i
Which shou'd bedecke thy shap
Thy Noble shape is but a forme

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